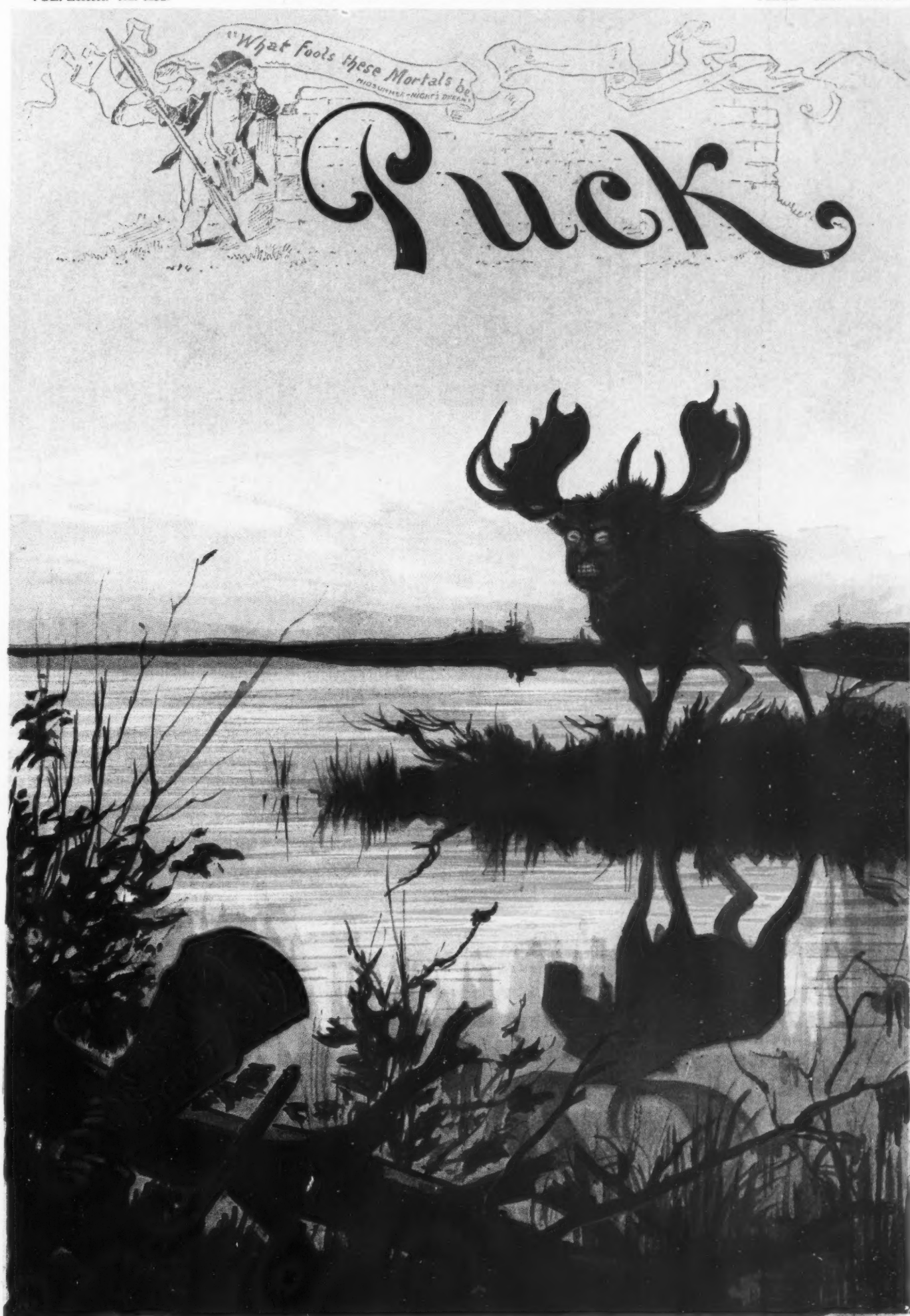


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PRICE TEN CENTS.



THE CALL.



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A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

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## Cartoons and Comments

### WHAT WE OWE THE CIVIL WAR.

THE Civil War did more than free the slaves. It saved the United States from going irretrievably to smash. When the war was on in deadly earnest, the Government at Washington had to provide an enormous revenue to pay expenses. Among other means to this end was the war tariff, and it is to this war tariff that the country owes its salvation. Had it not been for the civil strife, there would have been no war tariff. And had there been no war tariff, industry and enterprise in the United States would have been paralyzed. This is neither a rash nor a foolish statement, for the tariff imposed by the Government to help to pay the cost of the Civil War has never been really repealed, and now it is a common thing for High Protectionists to claim that without this tariff American industries would be swamped, ruined by the competition of other countries. What would have happened long before this had there been no clash between the North and South is easily conjectured. The United States would have gone into bankruptcy. The line of soup-kitchens would have reached from 'Quoddy Bay to the Gulf of California. Is not this an awful thought? What is the mere achievement of Emancipation in comparison with that greater, nobler achievement, the establishment of a subsidy for American industry so that it can exist? Truly, the Civil War was not fought in vain. How we survived the critical years before it will ever remain a mystery, for if industries when they are old-established and strong cannot exist without a tariff subsidy from the

Government, how did they manage to exist without one when they were young and weak?

WHEN rogues fall out, there is a widespread rumor that honest men get their due. Perhaps it is so. When political parties fall out, honest men may not get all that is coming to them, but at all events they learn a lot of interesting things they never knew before. Those dear old friends of previous campaigns, JOHN D. ARCHBOLD and his famous "certificates of deposit," have bobbed up again; this

time in the vicinity of Senator PENROSE. For their appearance the public was indebted to Boss FLINN of the "Down-with-Bosses" party, whose object just at present is to put PENROSE in a hole and keep him there. PENROSE comes back with the information that whatever ARCHBOLD money was loose in the days referred to went to help elect THEODORE ROOSEVELT President, when the Colonel was a "practical" man. So it goes. Our only comment on the matter is that every day makes the hopelessness of the Republican split more apparent, and that every day somebody makes the mistake of talking too much. The Democrats, in this campaign, are just the opposite. For a party whose normal state for years was a wide-open split, their harmony is marvelous and their self-restraint sublime. There are, or were, factions in plenty, but not even BRYAN is calling attention to them. The Donkey was something of a brayer in his time, but when it comes to trumpeting the Elephant outclasses him.

THE HON. BOURKE COCKRAN chooses to support Colonel ROOSEVELT rather than Governor WILSON for the Presidency. "I do not know what WILSON stands for," he says; "he is a man agreeable to everyone." This, it seems to us, should endear WILSON to COCKRAN, instead of impressing the latter unfavorably, for certainly no one knows what BOURKE COCKRAN stands for politically. He has stood for such opposites in the political game that one is forced to the conclusion that BOURKE must be a very "agreeable" man indeed.



"THESE GLASSES BRING IT VERY CLOSE TO ME."



WORLD POLITICS FEMINIZED.

FROM the Palais Augustenburg, Gotha, Germany, comes a letter to the London Daily Mail concerning that dream of colonial expansion which has long been thought uppermost in the Teutonic mind. This letter makes Germany's intentions as clear as crystal. Germany, it seems, does not threaten to despoil Albion of her colonies. "I am sure the English people have the mistaken idea that we should seize them," says this inspired writer. "But what we do want, and will have, is the Argentine. The Americans are rich, but on the whole not patriotic enough to protect themselves. England once out of the way, South America will be ours, to be colonized by our flesh and blood." The name signed to this extraordinary document is Hildegard von Hultton.

Prophetic, sinister, and most cognizant Hildegard! Here is a politician to be reckoned with. Little have we thought, in our complacent security, that overseas, in the heart of the European continent, there was one soul unafraid, one female warrior unbrowbeaten by our grotesque Monroe Doctrine. Hildegard speaks right out. We never heard of her before; that is not, however, to her discredit; and we shall certainly hear from her again. Hildegard von Hultton! A name to go skyhooting through the upper air of destiny! Male statesmen inquire, contemplate, consider, advance, retreat, qualify, ratiocinate—and do nothing. Frau Hildegard goes to the point, like a woman. Germany needs South America. Well, then, 't is Germany's. Does anyone say nay? 'S death! Ods-bodikins! By our halidome! Soak 'em one behind the ear!

Ten to one Hildegard is a good wife and mother. There is no reason to suppose anything Amazonian about her, though her cry is warlike and her words filled with the dread portent of approaching strife. It would not surprise us to learn that she leads a simple domestic life in the Palais; that her pumpnickel is delightfully heavy and her German pancakes as fluffy as the fleece of lambs.

But let us hope that Frau Hildegard will recognize the Marquis of Queensberry rules of the war-game to the extent, at least, of recalling the German ministers and issuing warnings before beginning to shell the poor defenseless cities of our Atlantic coast.



ONE AND INSEPARABLE.

THE GIRL.—There goes Mother.  
THE BOY.—How do you know?  
THE GIRL.—Stupid! Can't you recognize our dog?

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE.

WHEN the sinking sun sets all the sky aglow,  
Hear the voices of the people sad and low.  
As they pass along the street,  
You can hear them oft repeat:  
"That McCarthy, there on second, ought to go!"

Hear the voices of the people low and sad—  
Business men and clerk and barkeep, lass and lad.  
Hear them chant the same refrain  
O'er and o'er and o'er again:  
"If they 'd get a decent umpire I 'd be glad!"

Hear the voices of the people overcast  
With a woe and with a sadness deep and vast.  
As they move along the way,  
You can hear them sadly say:  
"If the pitcher had n't weakened toward the last!"

Hear the voices of the people going by.  
See them turn to one another with a sigh.  
Hear them saying dolefully,  
In a mournful minor key:  
"If McManus had n't dropped that easy fly!"

Walter G. Doty.

TOO PARTICULAR.

"I UNDERSTAND Pierpont Morgan recently paid \$200,000 for a Rastus vase."  
"Rastus nothing; you mean Jasper!"  
"Oh, well, what's the difference? I knew it belonged to some colored family!"



THE INFERENCE.

JONES.—I want to deposit the sum of ten dollars.  
RECKIVING-TELLER (who knows him).—What! Have you sold your car?

**If you are always up and doing you will pretty certainly never find yourself down and out.**

## FROM ELEVEN P.M. ON.



reporting on an evening paper "for the experience." They give him the obituaries to do. Just now he is having a beautiful time getting right next to human nature, and thinking beautiful thoughts about the show-girlly creation three tables away with the proud, scornful face. Is she thinking of those dear half-forgotten days when she was a simple, artless girl, before the cruel city led her on? Ah, Life! What does it all mean anyway? Whereupon the literary young man will weep into a perfectly good glass of beer and feel better. Now, as a matter of fact, the show-girlly person is thinking to herself that maybe she did wrong in having that skirt altered that her feet hurt her, and oh, to be home and in bed! There you are! And to-morrow, when the hang-over has worn off the literary young man will write home and tell them how virile and real and big this *café* life is!

W. D. Hill.

the June Scribner's entitled "Shall we Send our Girls to College?" to the shipping-clerk in the wholesale-fruit district, is there "seeing life." The large blonde woman at the next table, with the Mary Garden perfume, has come in all the way from Mount Vernon with her husband to "see life." She is trying to act gay and care-free, just the way they do in the French Restaurant scene in the Zeigfeld *revue*. Across from her table is a party of four from up the State. They have forgotten to eat, listen to the cabaret lady, or do anything but watch Mrs. Mount Vernon. Maybe she is an *actress*? Yes! They are sure of it! She is Lillian Russell—for has n't she got blonde hair? She nudges Will and tells him not to look just now, but there are some very interesting people over there. She is sure they must do something. This is "seeing life!" Over in the corner sits a young man with literary aspirations. He is

A FEW years before O. Henry came along and spoiled it all, we were hooting it around among the *cafés* in search of Bohemia. Nowadays the cry is "Get out and see life!" It sounds great, and is a splendid excuse for coming home late with an edge on. So, instead of the red-ink *table d'hôte* of other days, we hunt up a *café* all nicely done in three shades of red with plenty of gold stucco and festoons of red incandescent lights overhead to imitate bunches of grapes (if the ceiling is roomy enough and the decorator can crowd the moon and stars in among the grapes, why so much the merrier); a coat-room where all who do not want to may check their hats and sticks; an all-night license, and a cabaret show in imitation of something that never happens in that dear Paris. Only too often the license also turns out to be imitation. The prices, however, are very, very real. Everybody, from the man who did the article in



WHEN RIDDLES RAGE.

IN days of old when knights were bold and humbler folks were shy, the riddle as a form of sport was rated very high. In every castle of repute, to help along the cheer, a riddler tame was kept on pay, and riddled by the year. When from the fight returned the knight, back to his don-john keep, the riddler with a brand-new rid would riddle him to sleep. And older yet, it's safe to bet, the riddle's record ran, back to the place where Adam dug and Eve, his good wife, span.

In fact, all through the ages, riddles have raged, and they are still at it with undiminished vigor. For instance, the justly-celebrated riddle of the Sphinx, the answer to which was—er—lez see, now; well, I did know, but it seems to have slipped me. And there were the gaudy brain-rackers that stumped our sage grandsires, like "What is it that is black without and yellow within, with something in the middle that goes 'Poo, Poo'?" the answer to which was "A kettle of boiling hasty-pudding!" And the anagrams and acrostics and rebuses of our own boyhood days, which appeared in the right-hand column of the next-to-the-last page, and informed us that "My first is in beauty but not in pride, my second is in secret but not in hide," and so forth. I am not certain now whether this form was an anagram, or what, but all the same I was right good at 'em then, but somehow as a feller grows older—

"But, anyhow, the riddle rages as persistently to-day as it ever did, and intrudes itself into our serenity with as much pertinacity. And although its form has changed, the answer is as elusive as ever. Ranking in our midst are many riddles which obfuscate the very brightest of us. I am ready to confess that the matrimonial riddle completely puzzles me! Why, while we are at it, is a woman's dead first husband so blame' much superior to her living second husband? Why will a meek little runt of a man insist upon marrying a commanding condor of a woman? How can two live as cheaply as one, when they can't? If we are married or single or widowed or widowered, why don't we want to stay so? Then comes the great riddle of all: Why does a woman—but of course you know, if you are not married you don't know, and if you are married, of course, you know you don't know, though possibly you don't know why you don't know. And there you are!

Also, why should n't the hair grow out on a bald head every spring the same as grass on a hillside? And there are the riddles of politics. Why in mercy's name will men rend the empyrean and their best clothes in that foolish and profitless of all pursuits, arguing politics?—in those everlasting wrangles, for instance, about the tariff, that everybody knows, or ought to know, is— Aw, you *do*, do you? Well, you just take our importations of hides during nineteen-ten and 'leven, and—

To be sure! To be sure! This is a free country, and every man has a right to his own opinion, but just the same it is n't a bad idea to listen to a little common sense when it is presented to you, and— Uh, yes; I know you are always glad to do so when there is any of it circulating around. Well, lemme tell you *one* thing, m' friend: Not only are there none so blind as those that won't see, but there are those who having ears to hear intelligent information dispassionately presented merely flap them. Good-day! Good-day!

T. P. Morgan.



WHY HE WAS THERE.

ST. PETER.—Step right over yonder, and Gabriel will give you a pair of wings.

AVIATOR'S SPIRIT.—Not for me, thanks. I fell a thousand feet only yesterday!

DOGS AND ME.



SOMETIMES, in Central Park, we kids  
Go marching two by two,  
In our best orphan uniforms  
Made out of gingham blue.  
The matron walks behind us all  
To watch that we are good,—  
I guess we have as fine a time  
As proper orphans could.

The carriages go spinning past  
As fast as they can go,  
With lap-dogs—ev'ry sort of one—  
Just like a circus show!  
I'd like to be somebody's pet,  
Go out each day to ride,  
And have a lady kiss my nose  
And hug me to her side.

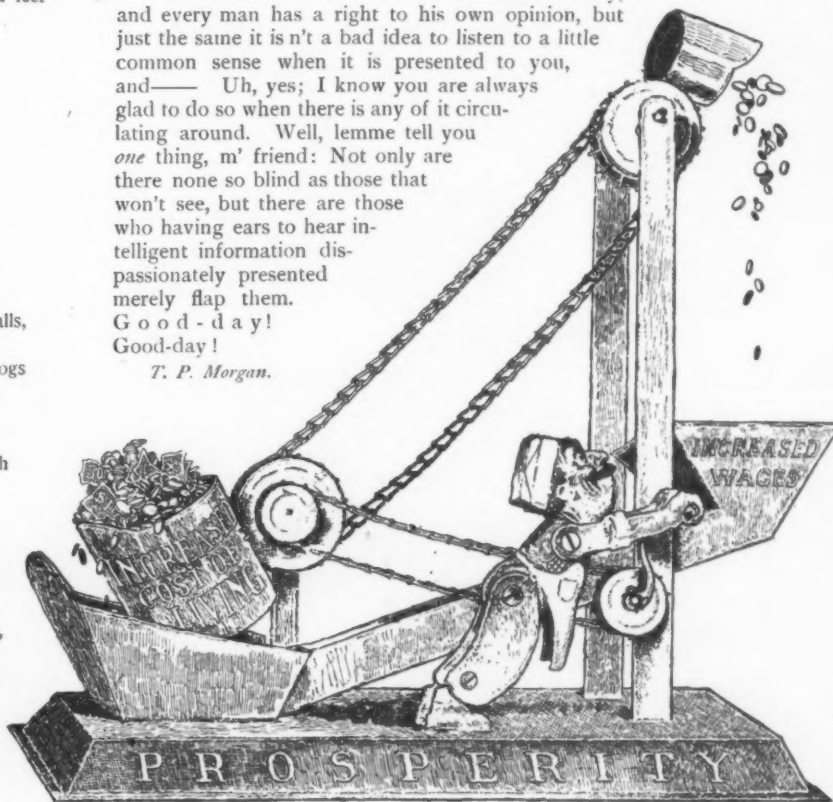
She said it took hard cash to buy  
A thoroughbred canine,  
No lady could afford to trade  
Her doggie's life for mine.  
She said those lucky lap-dogs had  
A first-class pedigree,  
That's diff'rent from an orphan child  
Without a guarantee.

When I'm back in the 'sylum walls,  
I lie there in the dark  
And think about those happy dogs  
I saw in Central Park.  
I asked our matron if I were  
As good as good could be—  
Might not some lovely lady wish  
To trade her dog for me?

I'm just a bargain-counter kid  
Whom no one cares to buy.  
Sometimes I feel so lonesome that  
It almost makes me cry.  
Perhaps I'm naughty, jealous, bad,  
But when I figure up  
I don't see why a real nice child  
Can't rise above a pup!

Marion Short.

THE distinction between the classes and the masses seems to rest, in the last analysis, on the fact that some of us are some class, but the most of us are nothing but mass.



AROUND AND AROUND AND ROUND.

**H**air falls much in the manner of rain, neither the just nor the unjust being altogether exempt.

THE MOTHER'S POINT OF VIEW.



OR seeing things from their own point of view and seeing things entirely different from the way others see them, I recommend you to mothers!

To a mother her children never grow up. She goes right along talking about them as if they were still infants.

For instance, there is Sandy McTish. He has hands like pile-drivers and his feet look like Ionic masonry. He has red bristles all over his face, and has been known to lick seven or eight men at once. If a buzz-saw came in contact with Sandy, he'd nick the buzz-saw. Buckshot would n't even tickle him. He has committed aggravated forms of every crime. He does n't mind dynamite at all, and often eats nitroglycerine on his batter-cakes.

But hear his mother talk about him! She tells anecdotes about him saying "Me teepy." She sees nothing ridiculous about alluding to this creature with a paint-brush beard and crab-apple knuckles as a delicate cherub with toes like beautiful pink rose petals, happy in his bath, and possessed of an appetite for the wash-rag, a yearning for the stove-poker, and a passion for the coal-bucket.

FORESIGHT.

WHEN it had been raining a day or two, Noah was seen to take a sample of the water in a bottle.

"How now?" the scoffing neighbors cried, around the Ark.

"It would be a joke," answered Noah, "if the Ark were not to contain pairs of the germs of all the ills to which posterity will sooner or later find itself heir."

But such distinguished foresight was more than the neighbors could fathom, and they exploded forthwith in gales of derisive merriment.



AT THE POLITICAL COUNTY FAIR.

TIME THE FAKIR.—Step up! Step right up, and guess which shell the little pea of victory is under!

THERE is a good deal of satisfaction to be had from comparing other people's faults with our own virtues.



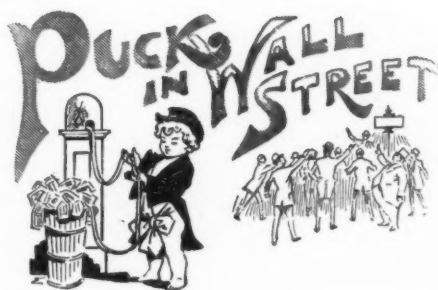
AN OLD MASTER ON THE JOB.

HE NEVER COULD HAVE DONE ALL THE WORK ATTRIBUTED TO HIM IN ANY OTHER WAY.





HAY-FEVER.



THE biggest oat-crop on record, produced in a year when the automobile has been superseding the horse at a faster rate than ever before!

What's the answer?

Breakfast-food instead of meat.

After a while, perhaps, we'll get into Nebuchadnezzar's class and eat hay.

THE members of the committee which has been investigating U. S. Steel having finished their various reports, Chairman Stanley recently got the House to set aside a day for discussion of the findings.

The beginning of the speeches found as many as twenty-five Representatives on the floor.

The truth of the matter is that the country is sick of investigations. If they got anywhere, if anything worth knowing were brought to light, it would n't be so bad. But, as these various investigations have been conducted, their results have been absolutely *nil*. It has simply been a continuous waste of time and money.

How is it, then, that these "investigations" get started?

It's like this. The gentleman from Tallapaloosa decides that if he is to give his constituents their money's worth he'll have to get busy and get his name in the papers. So he picks out some "Trust"—any old Trust will do—and proposes to the House that he be made the chairman of a committee to investigate its affairs. The other Representatives don't want any such investigation, but they're afraid to say anything against it—a nice position a

member would be in, attempting to defend one of these big companies and keep its affairs from being looked into! And so the investigation goes on, not because there is any need for it, but because somebody wants to make capital out of it and everybody else is afraid to stop him.

A MAN went to a new town and started a bank.

He called it the Dealers and Traders'. At the end of three months, no deposits having come in, he changed the name to the Prospectors and Brokers'. Three months more with nothing doing. "Guess I must be off the track," he finally said to himself. "I'll call it the Diggers and Pluggers'."

He did, and to-day it's the biggest bank in town.

"Down here in Wall Street they're always 'waiting' for something," remarked a disgruntled customer in one of the big houses that specializes in "Coppers." "I come down here and buy some stuff, and it either goes down in price or else stands as still as though it were chained to the Rock of Ages. I go to Smith over there, and say: 'Smith, what's the matter with this stock you told me to buy? It's anchored. It doesn't move.' 'Just wait a couple of days for the crop report,' Smith replies, 'that'll start 'em up.'"

"Crop report comes out—no effect. 'Must be waiting for the Steel Company's report on unfilled orders,' Smith says. That comes. Still nothing doing. 'I tell you what it is,' Smith remarks confidentially, 'this market is waiting to get a line on the drift of political sentiment. Soon as it gets a little clearer who's going to be elected we'll get some action.'"

"After that it'll be something else. It always is. And in the meantime we poor devils of customers are paying enough in interest to keep the whole show going."

"I HAVE a couple of hundred dollars which I think I want to invest in U. S. Steel Common," ran a letter recently received by one of the big stock houses. "I am very careful about my investments and only make them after full investigation. So please look into the affairs of this company for

me and report what you find out. Don't send me the ordinary earnings statement or anything like that. When I invest this money I want to be sure of what I am doing."

Did the young member of the firm who received this letter read it in pieces and burst into profane speech and tear his hair? Did he raise his hands and call upon a just heaven to witness the conditions under which he was to gain a livelihood? Did he laugh bitterly at the pass to which things have come?

First Answer: He did.

Second and Correct Answer: He did n't. A smile, on the contrary, came over his face. He rang his buzzer for the firm's statistician. "Here," he said, "take this letter and give it good attention. It's the only order in this morning's mail." Franklin.



BY THEIR FRUITS YE SHALL KNOW THEM.

"Some men are born great," and in many cases that was the only chance they ever had.



THE PUCK PRESS

WATCHING THE TAPE OR WATCHING THE WHEEL-

If it is legal to gamble in Wall Street, why isn't it le



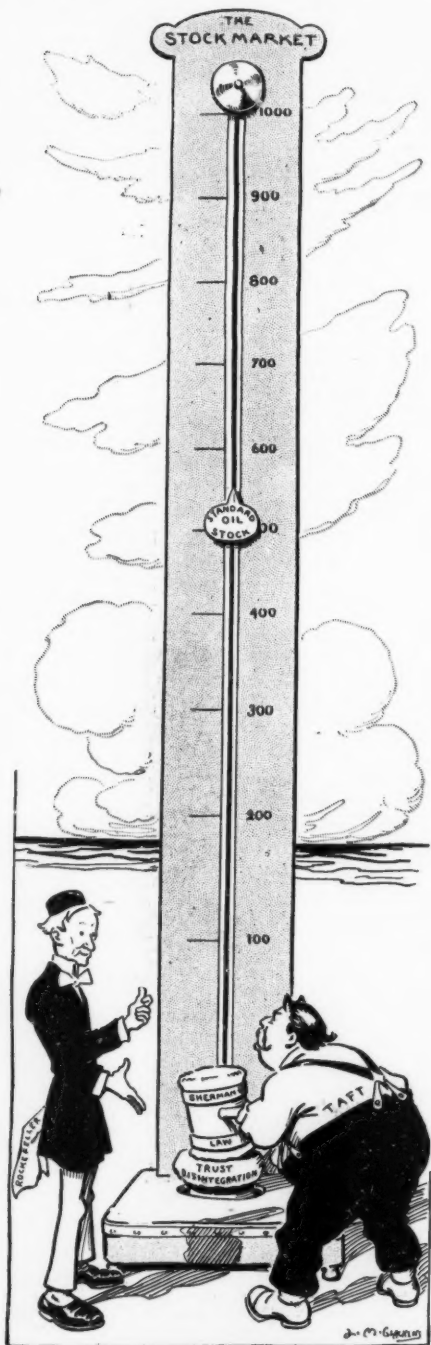


THE WHEEL — WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE MORALLY?

reet, why isn't it legal to gamble in the West Forties?

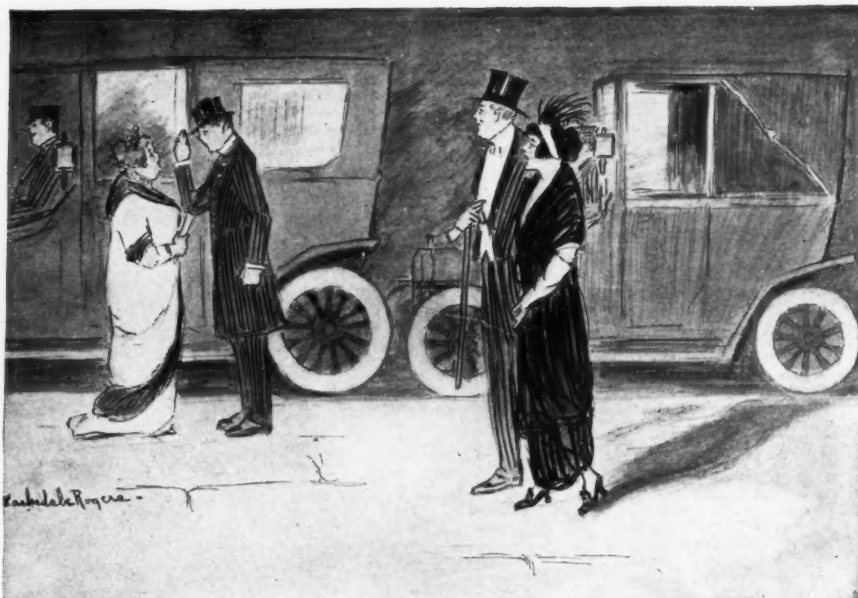
BEGUILED.

**S**OME plain people were accosted by a party of patriots.  
 "Look!" cried the patriots.  
 "The country is in danger. Pray put your shoulders to the wheel and save it."  
 The plain people did as they were bidden, after which they examined, with more attention, the mechanism of the wheel and its peculiar construction.  
 "Why, it's only the wheel of a band-wagon!" they exclaimed, in considerable disgust, while the laughter of the patriots, muffled only by their sleeves, could be heard in the distance.



TRY YOUR STRENGTH.

ROCKEFELLER.—Soak it some more, Mr. President. A big strong man like you ought to be able to ring the bell!



NOWADAYS.

MRS. GAYSETT.—Billy, who is that woman over by the curb?  
 MR. GAYSETT.—That one? Why, she is the second wife of the third husband of my first wife.

THE HUSBAND WHO LEARNED.

**T**HERE was once a Husband who was very much in Love with his Wife. It was Common Talk among their Circle of Acquaintances that he was Simply Crazy about her. Every Night he hurried Home from the Office in order to be with her as much as possible. He paid no Attention to Other Women except to be studiously Polite and Courteous when Occasion Offered.

One day he discovered that, for some Reason or other which he could n't Make Out, his Wife had become Insanely Jealous of him. He was very much worried at this, partly because there was no Ground for it and partly because he did not Know How to cure her of it.

He Pondered and Pondered. First, he tried being still more Attentive to her. But this only made it Worse, for she Believed he was doing it merely to allay her Suspicions.

At last, after he had tried everything else he Could Think of, but to no Avail, he said to Himself in Grim Despair: "Inasmuch as my Wife is jealous without Cause, it is quite Evident she does n't Know What a Cause is. It is my Duty, therefore, as a Kind and Loving Husband, to show her. Then she will Realize how Unjust toward me she has been." Accordingly, he sought a Man of his Acquaintance whom he Knew to be Popular in a Number of Different Sets that had no Respect for the Speed Limit.

"I want to show my Wife a Real Cause for Jealousy," he said to his Friend, and explained his Plan.

"It is somewhat Illogical," said the Friend.

"I know it," said the Husband, "but it is an Illogical Situation and requires an Illogical Treatment."

The Friend was a Good Teacher and the Husband was an Apt Pupil. He was soon Initiated into all the Mysteries of the Great White Way, from Café to Cabaret, from Cocktail to Curaçoa. As he was Thorough in Everything he did, he Spared no Pains to show his Wife in the Last Place how Innocent he had been in the First Place. He became Adept at

missing Dinner, and his Latchkey took on a Brilliant Polish from Constant Usage.

"What Effect is it having on Your Wife?" asked his Friend one Evening.

"Strange," said the Husband. "I can't understand it at all, but it does n't seem to Work. She is getting more Jealous all the Time. But that does n't Worry me so much. What's still more Strange is the Effect it's having upon Me."

"What do you mean?" asked the Friend.

"Why, I'm really Getting so I don't care whether my Wife is Jealous or not."

Moral.—Don't let an Old Dog learn new Tricks.

Ellis O. Jones.

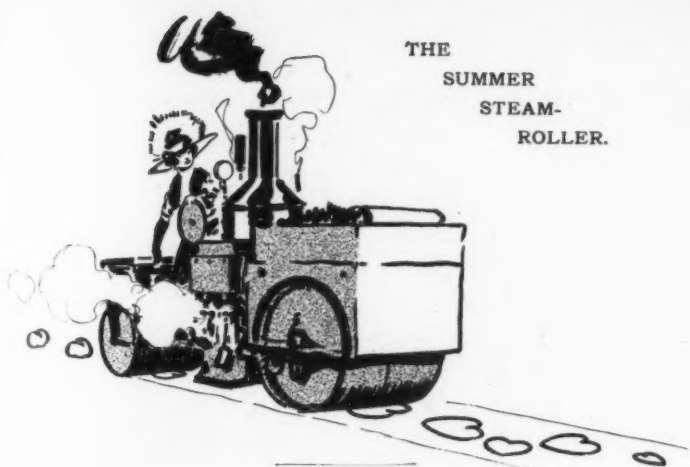


A MERCILESS HIGHWAYMAN.

MR. JAGSBY.—Can't hold 'em up much longer thish way, ol' man!

**G**raft, and the world grafts with you; be honest, and the world will consider you impractical.





THE  
SUMMER  
STEAM-  
ROLLER.

### HITTING BELOW THE BLACK BELT.

(AT THE G. O. P. CONVENTION.)

"BLACK SHEEP, black sheep, have you any wool?"

"Yes, sir, yes, sir, ten States full;

Wool from Alabama; and from sunny Tennessee;

Wool from Mississippi, and some more from Kissimee;

Wool from Tuscaloosa, Tallahassee, and Yazoo;

Wool from Texarkana, Baton Rouge, and Mobile, too."

"Here is money, black sheep; come, I wish you well!"

"Sorry, Mister Teddy, but we have no wool to sell."

"Black sheep, black sheep, see, I am your friend!

I loved you at the very start, I love you to the end.

Like to see you get ahead, like to see you win;

Never liked the shearers, boys; hate 'em all like sin!

I will make you sleek and fat if you will help me out,

I will load your palates with the greenest grass about.

Black sheep, black sheep, 'ware the bosses' craft!"

"Sorry, Mister Teddy, but we're here to vote for Taft."

(AT THE BULL MOOSE CONVENTION.)

"Black sheep, black sheep, I don't want your wool."

"Golly, Mister Teddy, here's a black belt full!"

"Black sheep, black sheep, I don't want to buy."

"Lordy, Mister Teddy, won't you come and tell us why?

Don't you remember that you is our bestest friend?

You're the pusson what declared you loved us to the end."

"Black sheep, black sheep, you and I must part."

"Lan' sakes, Mister Teddy! What has happened to yo' heart?"

"Black sheep, black sheep, you're blocking up the road!

Don't you know your crinkly fleece would be a heavy load?

Of course I have a claim on you, but what you fail to see

is that it is n't mutual,—you have n't one on me.

For you are just a black, black sheep,—related to the goat,—

While I'm a noble candidate—and you can't cast a vote!"

"But, Mister Teddy, stop a bit; you needed us before."

"Times have changed, oh, black sheep, and I need your masters more!"

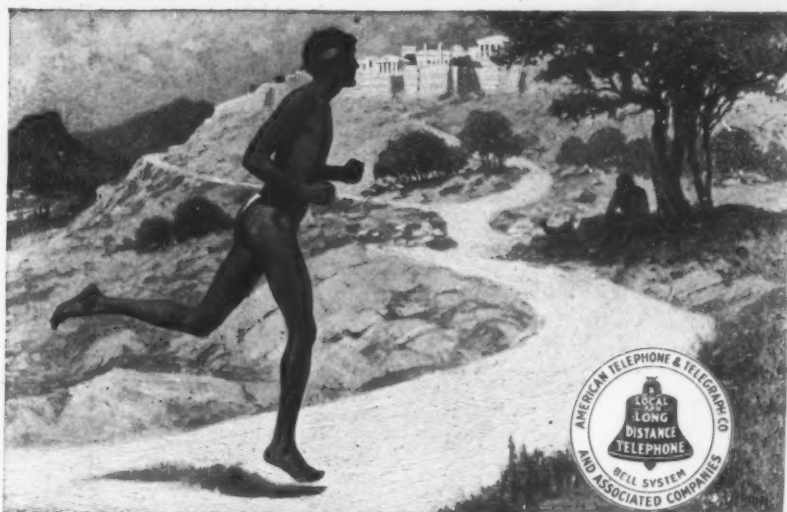
Stanley Quimm.



### THE FIRST KICKER.

FIRST PREHISTORIC MAN.—Then you don't approve of cooking and manual training in the schools?

SECOND PREHISTORIC MAN.—It's a shameful waste of the taxpayers' money. That daughter of mine has had two years of it, and she can't fry a dinosaur fit to eat; while my son, who has been at it just as long, has carved a club that I would n't trust to black the eye of a baby mammoth!



## Message Bearers Ancient and Modern

Pheidippides, the most noted runner of ancient Greece, made a record and an everlasting reputation by speeding 140 miles from Athens to Sparta in less than two days.

Runners trained to perfection composed the courier service for the transmission of messages in olden times. But the service was so costly it could be used only in the interest of rulers on occasions of utmost importance.

The Royal messenger of ancient times has given way to the democratic telephone of to-day. Cities, one hundred or even two thousand miles apart, are connected in a few seconds, so that message and answer follow one another as if two persons were talking in the same room.

This instantaneous telephone service not only meets the needs of the State in great emergencies, but it meets the daily needs of millions of the plain people. There can be no quicker service than that which is everywhere at the command of the humblest day laborer.

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Captains of war and industry might, at great expense, establish their own exclusive telephone lines, but in order that any person having a telephone may talk with any other person having a telephone, there must be One System, One Policy and Universal Service.

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WALK!"

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A COMMERCIAL traveler at a railway station in one of our Southern towns included in his order for breakfast two boiled eggs. The old darky who served him brought him three.

"Uncle," said the traveling man, "why in the world did you bring me three boiled eggs? I only ordered two."

"Yes, sir," said the old darky, bowing and smiling. "I know you did order two, sir, but I brought three, because I just naturally felt dat one of dem might fail you, sir."—*Harper's Weekly*.

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AND we suppose the campaign songs will be written by the Bull Muse. — *Evening Sun*.

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#### IDENTIFIED THE ANIMAL.

The teacher had the letters c-a-t on the blackboard and was trying to teach little Pansy Peevish to pronounce the word, but Pansy could n't quite come to it.

"Think," said the teacher. "What is it that has some whiskers and comes up on the porch late at night when it is cold and begs to come up into the house?"

"Oh, I know!" said little Pansy, a great light dawning. "It's papa!"—*Philadelphia Telegraph*.

#### A DARE.

To the Editor: "Why do the most worthless men often get the best wives?"

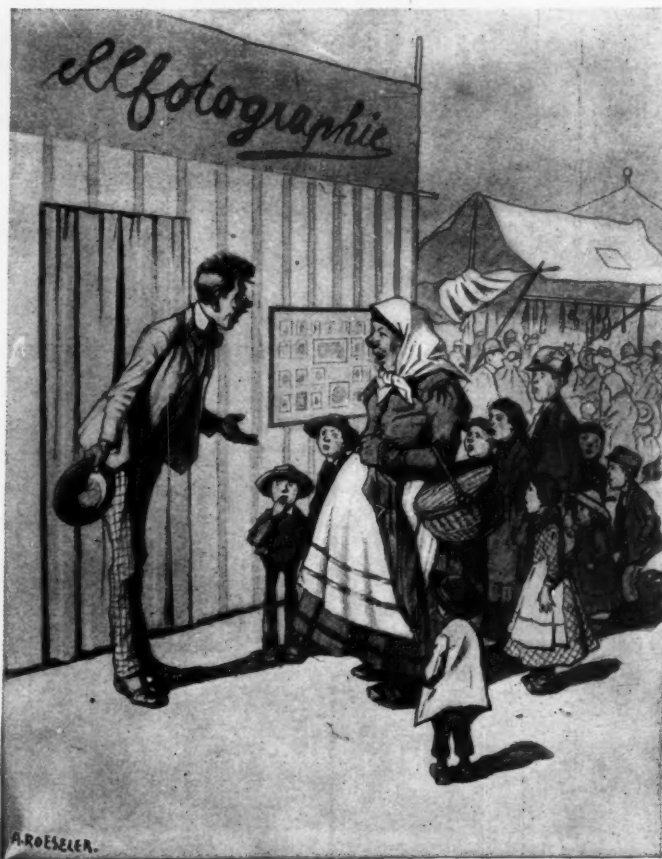
Answer: "I don't know. Ask your husband."—*Smart Set*.

THE CHAMPAGNE OF BOTTLED BEER

## HIGH LIFE BEER

MILLER-MILWAUKEE

#### A SLIGHT MISUNDERSTANDING.



"What does it cost to be photographed?"

"Three marks a dozen."

"Yes, but we are only eleven."—*Fliegende Blätter*.

Every lover of a good cocktail should insist that Abbott's Bitters be used in making it: insures your getting the very best. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

"How's your wife getting on with her social-settlement work?"

"Great! She had her picture in the papers twice this month."—*Detroit Free Press*.

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Manhattan, Martini and other standard blends, bottled, ready to serve through cracked ice.

Refuse Substitutes.

AT ALL DEALERS.

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Hartford New York  
London



GREEN.—Misery loves company.  
WHITE.—But the cook won't allow us to have any.—*Harper's Bazar*.

## Bar-Keepers Friend Metal Polish



Geo. W. Hoffman Co. Indianapolis, Ind.

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## SURPRISES OF TRAVEL.

Eph Jackson was a Louisiana coon who had never been north of St. Louis. He went broke on the race-track, but saw a future in being where the nags were, and decided to go to the Canadian tracks.

He had no money, but somebody told him he could go all the way by water and provided him with a chart.

Eph strong-armed a rowboat on the river-front and started off in the darkness. He had bucked a five-mile current for seven hours when somebody sung out:

"Hello! Eph. How about you?"

Eph dropped his oars and yelled back: "Who-all is you dat knows me 'way up in Canada?"—*Chicago Evening Post.*

## DOUBTFUL.

"Jones is extremely attentive to his wife."

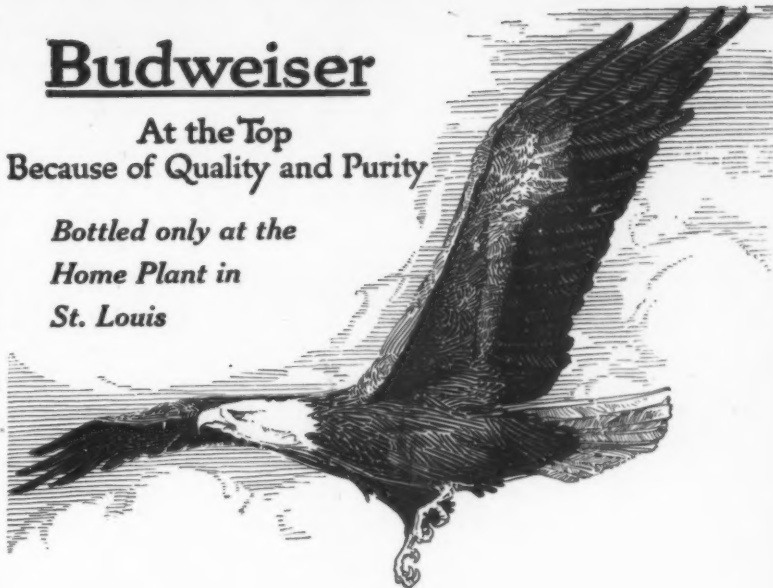
"Still very much in love with her, eh?"

"Either that, or he is afraid of her."—*Boston Transcript.*

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At the Top  
Because of Quality and Purity

Bottled only at the  
Home Plant in  
St. Louis



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Covers an area of 140 acres of ground, equal to 70 city blocks, upon which are located 110 individual buildings.

CAPACITY	
Brewing Capacity	2,500,000 barrels per year
Malting Capacity	2,000,000 bushels per year
Bottling Works	1,000,000 bottles daily
Grain Storage Elevators	1,750,000 bushels
Stockhouses (for lagging)	600,000 barrels
Steam Power Plant	12,000 horse power
Electric Power Plant	4,000 horse power
Refrigerator Plant	4,000 tons per day
Ice Plants	1,200 tons per day
Coal Used	325 tons per day

FREIGHT	
Inbound and outbound	50,000 cars per year

### TRANSPORTATION FACILITIES

Refrigerator freight cars	1,500
Horses at home plant	143
Wagons at home plant	78
Auto Trucks at home plant	74
Horses at Branches	483
Wagons at Branches	430
Auto Trucks at Branches	47

### EMPLOYEES

At St. Louis Plant	6,000 people
At 36 Branches	1,500 people

Total Sales, 1911—1,527,832 Barrels

Budweiser Bottled Beer Sales, 1911—173,184,600 Bottles

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The PURE FOOD WHISKEY  
Medicinally Pure!  
For Sale Everywhere

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WHEN THE TAXI BLEW UP.



THE FARE.—Well, the register's busted, anyhow; and he won't know how much I owe him.—*Sydney Bulletin.*

Wine Jelly when flavored with Abbott's Bitters is made more delightful and healthful. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. U. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.



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OR,

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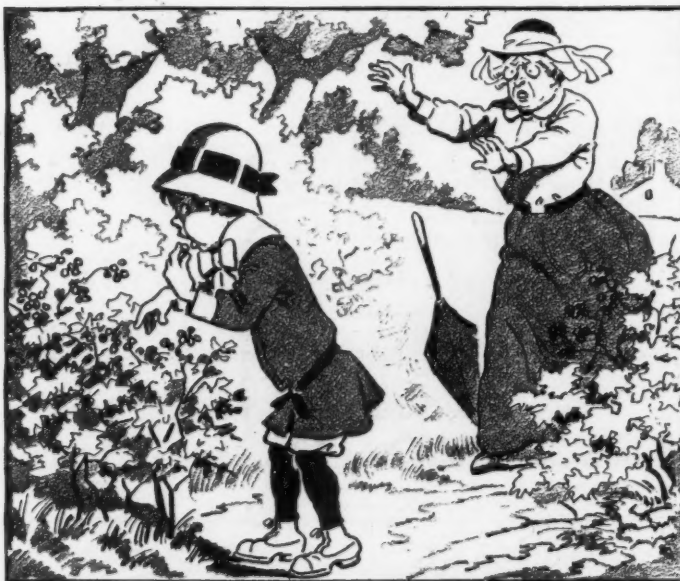
# HAPPY, HAPPY CHILDHOOD.



I.  
THE KID.—I'm going to the country! Hooray! Hooray!!



II.  
HIS AUNT.—Don't pick that flower, Willie! It's poison!



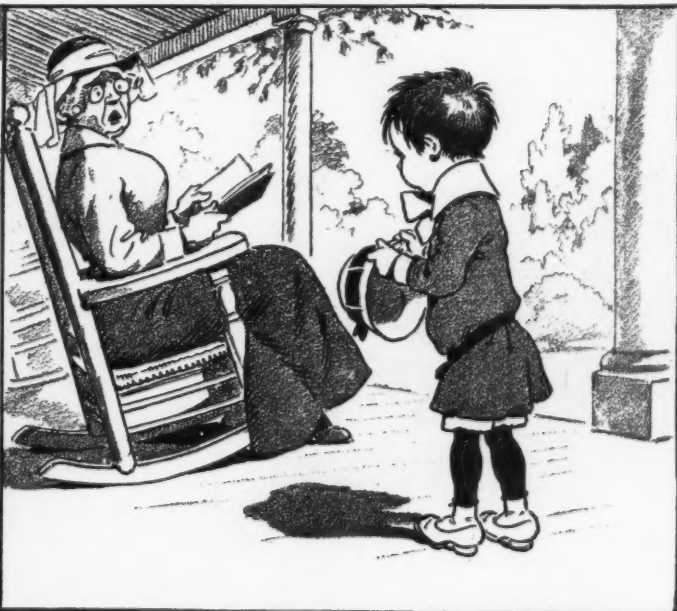
III.  
"Don't eat those berries, Willie! They're poison!"



IV.  
"Come out of that tall grass, Willie! There may be poisonous snakes in it!"



V.  
"Come down from that tree, Willie! It's full of poison-ivy!"



VI.  
THE KID.—I want to go home. A feller can't have any fun in the country. Everything here is poison!





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### SANCTUARY.

Here where ees my beer'ness place  
You can com' so mooch you please,  
Call me "Dago" to my face,  
Joke weeth me an' sneer an' teass.  
You can say my fruit ees bad,  
Growla 'bout da prices, too,  
But I no gotta mad;  
I mus' be polite weeth you.  
Streeta keeds, so small, so tough,  
Steala theengs an' run so queeck,  
Here can treata me so rough  
Eet ees almos' mak' me seeck.  
But I know where ees a door  
Feexa weeth a lock an' key;  
Notheeng bother me no more  
W'en at night eet close on me.

Oh! So happy, happy door!  
I su'pose you got wan, too,  
More for styleeshness an' more  
Fine an' gran' eet ees for you.  
But w'en I seet down at night,  
All bust up from work all day,  
All dat maka me excite'  
Seem so verra far away  
I can mak' mysal' baylieve  
I am good as anny man.  
Notheeng den can mak' me grieve  
Like at dees peanut-a-stan'.  
Peace ees com' eeside my door;  
Push eet shut an' turn de key,  
An' I am a man once more  
W'en at night eet close on me.

—Catholic Standard and Times.

"SEE here, my friend, you must walk more."

"Walk more! Why, doctor, I can't afford to walk. I own a five-thousand-dollar auto."—Plain Dealer.



I herewith bequeath to the  
next Generation the Rye to buy —  
**Old Overholt**  
"Same for 100 years" **Rye**

Aged in charred  
wood, bottled in bond.  
Rare flavor, exquis-  
ite bouquet. The aristo-  
crat of whiskies.

A. Overholt & Co.  
Pittsburgh, Pa.



THE meat boycott does not extend  
to crow.—Providence Journal.

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Bottled at the Brewery. Send for price list.  
**A. G. VAN NOSTRAND,** Established 1821  
**Bunker Hill Breweries, BOSTON, MASS.**

IDEAL.  
"So they are married?"  
"Yes. They were married last Friday in East Liverpool."  
"He is a champion golfer, I understand."  
"Yes. He is."  
"And the girl?"  
"Is a champion bridge-player."  
"Where do they propose to live?"  
"With the girl's father. He's a champion bricklayer."—Pittsburg Post.

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### AT THE HOSPITAL.



"Hang it! I see very well that you have a toothache, but tell me which side it is on."

—Le Sourire.

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50c. per case of 6 glass stoppered bottles.

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BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 20 Hookman Street, NEW YORK.  
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WAITER.—Well, sir, how did you find the beef?

DINER.—Oh! I happened to shift a potato, and — well, there it was! — Bystander.

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a compliment to the good  
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**Blue Ribbon**  
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